# THE HOME JOURNAL.

VOLUME XX.

WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE, DECEMBER 7, 1881.

NUMBER 39.

#### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

FRANCE is to resume cating American

GUITEAU'S trial has been properly termed a "circus."

Express has tried lecturing in Oregon and made a total failure of it,

The London brewer, Sir Dudley

Coutts Majoribanks, has been created a "THE Lord protects Guiteau," but

panied by mounted police, THE endowment fund of the Astor Library, given by the members of the

Astor family, amounts to \$1,125,130. LEADVILLE now has a population of 20,000 people, and last year that district yielded ore to the value of \$15,000,000.

THE New York Alderman gets a sal, ery of \$2,000 a year, and has a hard time getting along, whereas the Chicago Alderman gets no salary and leads the fash-

THE saddest wails from Ireland are the Nasby's letters. Nasby's sympathies have been deeply stirred since he left the "X Roads, wich is in the State uy Kaintnek.

THE idea of the National Temperance Society now is to have the United States Constitution so amended as to prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic beverages.

The man who steals enough to employ expensive lawyers is a defaulter, but he whose stealings will not admit of this luxury, is a thief, and a very common one, at that. That's the difference.

of Philadelphia, says has been stolen from that city by an organized gang of climate to advantage. thieving clerks. Theodore confesses to \$50,000 of it.

Whateven the merchants of Atlanta have expended in aid of the International Cotton Exposition will be as bread east upon the waters. It will return to them in future with a hundred fold added.

Corruge persistently insists that Arthur owes his present bigh position to his act, and demands recognition in return, "Only for me," says Guiteau, boastingly, "Arthur would be a political cypher."

HURLBUT, Minister to Peru, and Kilpatrick. Minister to Chili, are to be recalled. It seems they have disgraced themselves somewhat by a persona quarrel respecting the claims of those countries.

Guireau says he never struck anybody in his life, 'Twas well, But he should be afforded an opportunity now. How terrible would be feel were be penned up in a ring with a prize fighter. He is an awful coward.

A norontous Chicago burglar under arrest says that burglars never receive more than five per cent, of the capital invested and chances taken. Poor fellows; they have a hard time of it, and ere apt to get killed at any moment, too.

PHILIP GEEZ, of Lancaster, Ohio, who had two bullets shot into his brain by Herman Peter, fived twenty-four hours after the tragedy occurred. Both bullets entered the brain to some distance and were only an inch apart.

"Much laughter," and "continued applause" are characteristic features of Guiteau's trial in the Criminal Court at Washington. This sounds very much as though the bitter feeling toward the assassin was being ameliorated.

PRESIDENT GARRIELD'S Memory is to be bounded in Lendon by the founding of a Home for Working Girls, to be called "Garfield's Home," A lady has given \$1,250 to a committee for the purpose.

In New York'all first-class butchershops have branch shops in localities of the poor where meats that cannot be sold to well-to do families, or that, from long keeping, are not salable, are sold at an

TEN years ago the invention of the Keeley motor was heralded over the land as one of the wonders of the age, and it is now one of the wonders of the public why its success is so long materializing. Meantime, Mr. Keeley is as confident as

HEAST HELFMANN, the Nibilist conspirator in the Czar's murder, who is in confinement at St. Petersburg, has been

delivered of a daughter. Hessy has made a confession implicating sixty-two persons in the murder of the Czar, and will probably receive a free pardon.

PRESIDENT AETHUR has " made up his mind" that all officials now in office shall serve their time unless they fail to perform their duties properly. That is as kindly a recognition of General Gar-

field's administration as any one could

VENNOR predicted, long in advance, that the middle of November would be unusually warm and that towards the latter part of the month there would be a severe cold spell. He guessed pretty well that time, but the worst of us will hit it occasionally.

The Maine farmers have found a remedy for "off," or non-bearing years of apple trees. It's caterpillars, Since they devasted the orchards a few years still Guiteau feels after when accomsince the trees have borne annually without discrimination. The crop this year is splendid in both quantity and quality.

> THE "Regulators" and "Moderators" of Elliott County, Kentucky, have formed a treaty by which the "Regulators" agree to disband their organization, The "Moderators" were headed by the Sheriff of the County. The treaty "fills a long-felt want,"

THE St. Louis Globe-Democrat suggests that the bank of England furnish the world with a list of its deposits. It claims that many would escape being swindled by the prevalent practice of alleging that large sums are awaiting claimants and obtaining money from them to secure the alleged inheritances.

DELEGATE CANNON does not hold # certificate of election from the Secretary of the State of Utah. What he does But here, as space, is rather scant, and acres rather hold is a certified copy of the election returns. His prespect of representing Utah is growing beautifully less, and the Mormons may just as well commence getting mad now.

Emigrast laboris no longer in demand in New York, but emigrants keep coming just the same. It would be a good idea for the South to put in her best THERE million dollars is the amount licks to scenre this migrating popula-Theodore Hauel, the defaulting tax clerk | tion during the winter months. This is the time of year. She can show off her I want a board of burnished plate of eilver and of

> THERE seems to be plenty of testimony going to show that Guiteau, all his life, has acced the part of a grank, although he has never been considered though he has never been considered bordoors:
>
> | lacking in intellect, But if being a crank is to be a murderer, then the My walls with appearing bedecked must never be outsooner the crank is turned heaven- And damask surtains must protect the colors from the sun. ward, the better.

> The Cincinnati Commercial pointedly remarks: "Gniteau finds self-control impossible in the presence of the jury. But he was the very embodiment of coolness, calculation, and silence when | r want (who does not want 7) a wife affectionate and he was carrying around the pistol to kill the President. He even took the deep precaution to wrap the pistel up to proect it from the moisture of the body. Few assassins have been sane enough to keep their powder as dry as that."

A COTEMPORARY says that were we to ee the girls of Ashantee we would not blame the King for killing two hundred of them to get their blood to mix mortar with. Thus there seems to be a difference of opinion even respecting the justice of murdering young girls. But if we knew where "his shanty" was and a crucifying expedition happened to be going that way, we should be tempted

A MOTHER who wrote to a Chicago newspaper expostulating with its pulishers for admitting certain articles to its columns, got this caustic reply : "We publish first and last a rewspaper. It cannot be a tract. Nothing shall appear in these colums which the purest minded woman should not know. They may oceasionally appear facts in this paper which she would not want publicly to discuss. The poorest protection in this world for virtue is ignorance. The best protection is knowledge, which stands unternished in the presence of vice."

THE Beecher family never do things by bulves, Wm. C. Beecher, second son of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and Assistant District Attorney of Kings County (Brooklyn), was married the other day to Miss Jessie Bigelow, the daughter of C. D. Bigelow, a wealthy merchant. The father performed the ceremony, who was so deeply affected that his voice completely broke down toward the close. Upon the following day, without any knowledge of William's marriage, H. F. Beecher, of the Pacific Coast, youngest son of Rev. H. W. Beecher, was married to Miss Hattie Foster, of Nevada. The way this family takes to women does beat all.

Water is that which has three feet but no legs, is all body but no limbs, has no toes on the feet, no head, moves a great deal but never uses its feet for that pur-pose, has one foot at each end and one in the center of the body? This is a queer creature in some respects, and is very popular among the ladies and some gentlemen. It never walks out, but goes with one foot where the head might be, dragging the other foot behind. These feet have nails, but no toes, no heels and no bones in the feet. Answer -A yardstick.

ORDINARILY we know from what country people come, by the language they use; but, in the case of the swearer, it is different. He uses the language of the country to which he is going.

What social life in this country needs is less bric-a-brac and more pancakes.

THE WANTS OF MAN.

[The following beautiful lines were written by the illustrious statesman, John Quinoy Adams, in July, 1849, under these circumstances: Gen. Ogic informed Mr. Adams that a number of young ladies had requested bith to obtain his autograph for them. In order to comply with this request, Mr. Adams wrote the poem on "The Wants of Man," and gave o such lady a status, with his autograph written on a sheet of letter paper. These sheets formed the occur as given below:

Man wants but little here bolow, Nor wants that little long. -Goldsmith's Hermit.

Man wants but little bore below, nor wants that little "Tis not with me exactly so—but 'tis so in my My wants are many, and, if told, would muster quite And were each wish a mint of gold, I still should wish for more.

What first I want is daily bread and s-backs and wine, And all the realms of nature spread before me when Four courses scarcely can provide my appetite to quellWith choloust cooks from France, beside, to dress
my dianer well my dinner well
What next I want, at heavy cost, is elegant affire—
Black sable furs for winter's froat, and silks for
summer's free—
And Cashauere shawls and Brussels lace my bosom's
front to deck—
And dismond rings my hands to grace and rubins
for my neck.

And then I want a manaion fair—a dwedling-house in style.

Four stories high for wholesome sir—a massive marble pile,
With halls for banquets and for balls, all furnished
rich and fitte,
With stabled studs in fifty stalls, and cellars full of

want a garden and a park my dwelling to sur-I want a gather and product of the mark!) with wall encompassed round,

Where flocks may range and herds may low, and kids and lambkins play,

And flowers and fruit commingled grow—all Eden to display.

want, when automer foliage falls and autumn strips A house within the city's walls, for comfort and for My house in town I only want to occupy—a square

I want a steward, butler, cooks, a coschman, footman, greens,

A library of well-bound books and picture-garmshed Corregio's "Magdalen" and "Night," "The Matron of the Chair,"
Guido's "First Coursers in Their Flight," and Chandes at least a pair.

I want a cabinet profuse of medals, coins and

A printing press for private use of fifty thousand And plants and minerals and shells, worms, insects, And pastes, birds,
lishes, birds,
And every brast ou earth that dwells in solitude or
herds,

gold.
Tureons of twenty pounds in weight, with sculpture's richest mold.
Plateaus with chandeliers and lamps, plates, dishes, all the same.
And percelain vases with the stemps of Sevres Angelienes.

And maples of fair glossy stain must form my cham-

And mirrors of the largest pane from Venice must fair.
To solace all the wors of life and all its joys to whare; share; Of temper sweet, of yislding will, of firm yet placid mind, With all my faults to love me still, with sectiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs and Fortune fills my store, I want of daughters and of sons from eight to half a I want [slas, can mortal dare such biles on earth to That all the girls be chaste and fair—the boys all wise and brave.

and when my bosons's darling sings with moledy A pedal harp of many strings must with her voice combine;
A piano exquisitely wrought must open stand apart.

That all my daughters may be taught to win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire refreshment from perfumes, Commetics for the skin require and artificial The civet fragrance shall dispense and treasured

extests return.

Cologue revive the flagging sense and amoking am-her burn. And when at night my weary head begins to droop and doze. A southern chamber holds my bed for nature's soft repose; With biankets, counterpane and sheet, mattress and And comfortables for my feet, and pillows for my

I want a warm and faithful friend to cheer the adwerse hour.
Who ne'er to flattery will descend, nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chole me when Uni wrong, my immed A friend to chide me when I'm wrong, my immed south to see,
And that my friendship prove as strong for him se I want a kind and tender heart for other's wants to A soul secure from fortune's dart and bosom arm'd with steel.
To lear divine chastisement's rod, and, minufing or

my plan. Submission to the will of God and charity to man, I want a keep, observing eye; an everlasting ear;
The truth through all disquise to apy and wisdom's veles to lear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need in heaven's sublinest strain.
And lips the cause of man to plead, and never plead in valls.

want uninterrupted health throughout my long expect; And streams of never-failing wealth to scatter far and near; The destitute to clothe and feed, free bounty to be-Supply the helpless orphan's need and soothe the widow's wor.

I want the genius to conceive, the talents to unt, he vicious to retrieve, the virtuous to uphead; Inventing power, combining skill, a persevering

Of human hearts to moid the will, and reach from I want the scale of power and place, the ensigns of command.

Charged by the people's unbought grace to rule my Nor crown hard; Nor crown har scepter would I ask; but from my country's will By day, by night, to ply the task, her cup of blies to day, by night, to ply the task, her cup of blies to

I want the roles of honest praise to follow his be-And to be thought in future days the friend of human-kind;
That after area as they rise exulting may proclaim.
In cheral union to the skies their blessings on in

These are the wants of mortal man, I cannot want them long.

For life itself is but a span, and earthly bliss a song.

My last great want, absorbing all, is, when beneath
the set. And summoned to my final call, the mercy of my

### DORA'S TRIAL.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Prudence Hall, holding her darning-needle in mid-air for a moment over the coarse blue sook she was mending, "I do wish

you could see your way clear to marrying Seth Hallet. He wants you the worst kind, and he'll be such a good pro-

"But I don't like him well enough, Prudy; and I want something beside meat and drink and two calico dresses a

Mrs, Prudence Hall had sprained her ankle, and was forced, surely against her will, to sit day after day in an upper

chamber, with a terrible consciousness

that everything about the farm was relapsing into chaos and old night for want of her oversight. Her pretty sister Dora had come to stay with her; but she was "only a child, you know." "There are two kinds of love in this world," said Mrs. Hall, after a pause, in which she had been taking counsel with herself whether Dora was old enough to be talked to on such matters at all, and it flashed upon her that "the child" was

nearly 20 years old. "Perhaps you like Seth well enough to marry him, only you don't know it." "Tell me about the two kinds of love," said Dora, innocently. I thought love was love the world over,"

"I have never known but one kind, I think, Dora. When I married David Hall he was the most well-to-do young man in these parts, and we never had a quarrel while he lived. He was a good practical sort of a man, and never asked

me to do anything unreasonable."
"What if he had?" asked Dora,
"Well, I guess I should have argued him out of it. But there is a kind of love that will draw woman through fire and water. It makes them throw themselves away on poor, shiftless men that will never provide for them nor their children, and they know it as well as any one else does. It is the greatest wonder to me why such a senseless feel-

ing should ever have been created." Dora had bent low over her work to hide her roguish smiles at her sister's discourse; but at this point she fixed her deep gray eyes on Prudence, not smiling, but simply earnest. "Such love brings happiness sometimes, I sup-

pose," said Dora.
"Next to never," said Produce, with great decision. "We ain't made to be happy, and anything that's too good always leaves a bad taste in the mouth, Comfort is a bird in the band, and you don't gain anything by letting it fly on

the chance of happiness."
"Did you ever know any one about here, Prudence, that threw herself away for love? It seems to me they won't

look at a man unless he has a house and farm all ready for them," "That's where they're right," said Prudence, "You are rather given to high-flying notions, and it's time you found out that bread don't grow readybuttered. Yes, I did know one god. who was pretty and smart and had no ments set mayried (1 think my David courted her a spell, but he never would own it), and she would have that shiftless critter Joe Raymond, wha never could make one hand wash the other. Even when she was a-dying she pretended that she had been happy and wouldn't have done no other way if sha

had it to do over again."
"Was she our Joe's mother?" saked Dona quickly, "Yes, to be sure; and when she died "Yes, to be sure; and which on we took him to bring up and work on He's more than paid his

way; but he's a rolling atone like like father, and won't never come to anything. I forgot to tell you -he's going

"Going to-morrow!" crist Dera, with great start. "I thought his time wasn't out for another mouth

"Well, it am't out rightly till he's 21; but he was in such a burry to be off that

Then silence fell upon them. These two women had the same father and mother, though a score of years by between them. Prudence had been born in the early married life of her parents, when they were struggling with a stony New England farm and there was work for even haby hands. The lines of duty and patience were deep-graved in her d face, which yet beamed with a kindly common sense. But Dora had come to her mother late in life, as an old tree sometimes blessoms into leveliness after every one has forgotten it. little feet had walked in easy paths and

Prudence yearned over her like a mother. She sat now by the open fire, bending her graceful head over some delicate work that Prudence would never have found time for; her red dress and the flickering firelight made her a picture for book for that dull room, "Prudence," she said suddenly, Joe's last night, I think I'll go down and say good-by to him."

"You might call him up here.

"No; I think I will go myself."
"I believe I haven't ever told you, Dora, how much you pleased me by giving up that childish way of going on with him that you used to have. It did very well for you to be foud of each other when you were little, but of course

it is out of the question now." It might have been the red dress and the fire light that brought such a vivid finsh to Dora's cheek as she listened and turned away. She ran lightly down-stairs and opened the door of the great farm-kitchen.

A young man sat by the dull fire, looking into it as one looks into the eyes of an enemy before the fight-an overgrown farmer-boy, in home-made clothes, with nothing about him to fall in love least of all for the brilliant little figure that stood waiting for him to look up, He was too intent on his own thoughts to notice her, till she went swiftly across the room, and, taking his head between hands, turned his face up to her soft "Joe, bad boy, were you going

away without letting me know?" The hard lines of his face softened and brightened under her gazo till one would not have known him for the same man, "I thought I should not see you to-

night," he said.
"You know better; you know I would have crept through the key-hole for one last little minute with you. "How long will you wait for me,

"Till you come back."

"If it were seven years, think how leng it would be."
"If you leved me as you make believe," said Dora, "you would not go away at all, but stay here till you could build a little house, and then we would rough it together."

"No, little Dora, that is not my kind of love; my mother tried that and she lived a slave's life,"

"I must go now, I must truly," said Dora, as she felt herself locked in arms that would not give way. "If I live without you for seven years I shall be a

homely old maid, and you will not thank me for waiting for you."

He put her away then and looked at her curiously, as if he had never thought of her prettiness before. "Do you know what your mame means?" he asked, carnestly, "I saw it in the paper that 'Theodora' means 'Gift of God;' and you have been just that to me. If I had never seen you, I should never have had a notion above, a leaf work had a notion above a day's work and a night's sleep. I will write whenever I have any luck, and come home on New Year's eve, when I do come; and if you wear this red dress I shall know you

have waited for me,"
"I think I shall live to wear it when you come home, if it is seven times seven years, Joe; for women are very hard to kill," said Dora, slowly disappearing from the kitchen.

"What have you been doing all this time?" said Pridence, severely,
"I was only giving Joe some good

"Well, I hope he'll profit by it,"
"So do I," said Dora, heartily. This as easy to say seven years as one, and we read of Jacob's seven years' service for Rachel, which seemed but as one day for the love that he bore her, Rachel's feelings are not thought worthy to be mentioned in holy writ; but, if her love was like Dora's, every day seemed seven years. And here, in a nutshell, lies the difference between a man's love and a woman's.

Jacob had the sheep to mind, and be did mind them uncommonly well; Joe went to seek his fortune in new scenes, and only thought of Dora when he had nothing else to do. The poet thought he had set a hard task to men when he

Degen to hibor and to wait; but it is immeasurably harder to be allo

Till her lover went away Dora had never cared to ask herself whether she were a child or woman. Sunshine had been plenty with her, and she had easily suggested and gilded the plain things that

farm life offered her.

Before the first year came to an end patriarchal age if she did not do something to kill the time that died so hard "Teach school! I guess not," said her father, when she first broached her

and if you want some new furbelows you just say so, and not come at it slantin'-"I don't want anything, father; but

there is so little for me to do at home."
"Nonsense! In my time, gals were always full of business. Can't you make sheets and pillow-cases and get ready to be married? Who knows but someody'll ask ye one of these days?

"I'd rather tench school, father, "Waal, waal, folks can't always have drathers in this world. I ain't willin', and that's the end on't.

But this was not the end on't, and Dora easily obtained a school. She developed a governing talent which charmed the committeemen, and the songenial labor in the company of little children took her out of herself and infused new life into her liope deferred.

Every week she walked to the postoffice, three miles away, to ask for a letter, going in with a bright flush in ither check, and coming out pale and bill-eved after the stab of disappointment. I wonder that people country are so anxious to be Postmasters; if they only knew it, they are actors in more tragedies than any member of a theatrical stock-company. Much scaled happiness passes through their hands; but they have to refuse many a Mariana in the Moated Grange weary women who reach a hand out of their dull lives for a letter and draw it

It was far into the second year before Joe's first letter came. It was surely a functful and foolish thing for a schoolmistress to do, but Dora carried it to her own little room and put on the red dress before she read Joe's letter.

Joe was working in the mines in Colonuggets at least, but hard work and ober living were slowly giving him the advantage over the other miners. He was never so well, and he loved her better than all the world.

Dora lived on this letter for many weeks, and she set "Colorado" for a copy so often to her scholars that they will write that word better than any other

to their dying day.

Letters came oftener as years drew on; sometimes Joe was up in the world, sometimes down; once his carefully hoarded gold was stolen from him, and he had to begin all over again; but this was nothing to a long illness in which a friend wrote to Dora so soon as Joe was out of danger. Then Dora envied the

doves their wings.

New Year's day was the hardest of all to bear. She could not help a strong pressure of excitement when she put on the red dress, which grew more and more old-fashioned, and watched the sun go down on the road which Joe must travel when he should come home. The next morning she fitted her shoulders sadiv to the burden of another year.

One young farmer after another found his way to the old farm-house on Sunday evenings, and Dora pushed them down an inclined plane of discouragement so gently that they scarcely knew

whether they had meant to court her or not. It was not the least of her trials to meet the entreaties of her mother and the rough arguments of her father when one or two more persistent suitors would take nothing less than "no" for their

Dorn could give no reason for repeated refusals to marry, only she loved no one well enough, a reason which would be all-sufficient if parents re-mained immortally young, but it loses

weight after sixty.

As the seventh year drew to a close, Dorn's heart heat light within her. Joe had mentioned seven years, as if he meant to come home then at any rate.

She were out the first day of the "glad New Year" with busy cares till late in the afternoon, when an old man spent with much walking stopped to rest himself in the farm-house kitchen. Pru-dense bestirred herself to give him a hearty luncheon, and, when he was warmed and fed, he began to talk of his travels. He had been to seek his fortune

all over the West, and, never finding it, had come back to die at home. He mentioned Colorado and Denver, and when Dora found herself alone with him for a moment, she said, "Did you ever see Joseph Raymond in Denver?"

"Joe Raymond? On yes! knew, him well; lived with him night on to a month, His wife was a real good cook; couldn't be beat nowhere in them parts."

"You say he was married?" "To be sure; a right smart feller, and mighty fond of his wife. Women

are senree out there." Prudence came in, and the old man went on his way all unconscious of the great stone he had east into the still waters of Dora's heart,

"What's the matter?" said Pendence; "you're as white as a ghost,"

Dora's only answer was to dart out of the house and run, as for her life, down the frozen orchard-path by which she could gain upon and overtake this terrible man. She might have said, with "holy Herbert "-

My thoughts are all a case of knives, Wounding by heart With scattered short

only misery must have time to crystallize into memory before it takes the form of poetry. She stoot before the old man at the turning, bareheaded and breathless. "How did the Joe Raymond look that you lived with?" gasped

Dora, "I never said 'Joe Raymond," said the old man peevishiv; "I said 'Jim Raymond,' They had a big boy named Joe, who—" but Dora was off again be-

fore he could finish his sentence, She ran back through the orchard, giving thanks with all her heart that she had not suffered herself to be per-suaded of Joe's faithlessness on one hearing. Her feeling of grateful awe as if she had escaped from sudden death kept her from mourning much over the passing away of this seventh anniversa-ry of Joe's departure with no sign of his

His letters had wholly ceazed, and there was nothing left for Dora but to When peasers her soul with patience. author new year downed them her she but on the old red dress more from habit than from any gleam of hope in her heart, and did not care to look in the days. In the twilight she walked slow r down the orchard-path and leaned on

the gate that opened into the road. Suddenly a man sprang out from be-"Theodora, my 'gift of hind the wall. God!" he said; and Dore, though she recognized no mark of the lover who had left her eight years before, felt that no other knew that pass-word, and suffered herself to rest silently in his arms in the meffable content that comes after long

waiting. When Joe and Dora went into the house, and she looked at him by candlelight, her heart almost misgave her; his luxuriant beard and the manly assurant of his manners were not at all like her Joe of beloved memory, and a terrible barrier seemed to rise up between them, while Prudence remained in the room with her company manners, which sat more awkwardly upon her than her Sun-

When Dora tiptoed softly by her sisfer's door at a very late hour that night Prudence was lying awake for her. "Don't tell me," she said, "that you've been waiting for that Joe Raymond all this time !

hear it," said Dorn, Do you know whether he came home any better off than when he went away?" 'I really haven't thought to ask him, said Dora, carelessly. Prudence grouned and turned her face to the wall.

Joe waited only till the next day to tell Mrs. Hall the story of his success, which seemed very moderate in his travcled eyes, but seemed a noble fortune to her hotaely ideas.
"I never thought before," said Dora's

father at the wedding, "that a woman could keep a secret; and I guess it ain't much more common than snow in dogdays."
How long would you have waited

for me?" whispered Joe in Dora's ear.
"Forever," said Dora, solemnly,
And Mrs. Prudence Hall, as she overheard the word, thanked her stars that Dora's foolish notions had not wrecked her at last on a poverty-stricken mar-

#### Wild Shooting in Arizona. It was at Deming, I think, that a but

riage.

ying cowboy, who had been having his wn way pretty much to suit himself and about succeeded in taking the town A railroad employe and his companion, a new-comer, young and just from the States, were subjected to several annoying exhibitions of his lawlessness. ength the town got a little excited, and the young stranger, remarking at some one would yet be killed, proposed to disarm the native. The cowboy was galloping up and down the street firing his r volver, and every now and then dis-mounting before a saloon, or else riding deliberately into it, and taking on more fuel. At length he ran out of a saloon and coelly fired down the sidewalk, Then, without looking around, laid his pistol back over his shoulder and putie. the trigger. As misfortune would have it, the young new-comer at that very moment came out of a saloon near by, and receiving the ball full in his forehead, fell dead. The crazy assassin was lynched soon after, but to what pur-

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

Con-Liven oil contains iodine and bro-

THERE are 174,000,000 air cells in the

THE nearer a rain doud is to the earth

the larger the drops. Sona put into sea water bakes it fit

for washing clothes. GLAUBER salt is the sulphate of soda-f modern chemists.

MEAT immersed in molasses has been

preserved for months. CCCUMBER peelings are said to be a

are cure for cockroaches. THE distilled juice of the cocoa tree forms the well-known arrak.

Under-suor wheels require a much larger body of water than over-shot. The diamond is rather more than three and one-half times heavier than

ETHER is so volatile that it cannot be poured from one vessel to another with-

Ar a white heat copper passes off into vapor, which burns in the air with a Duagon's blood is a resin which ex-

udes from various trees. It is so called from its red color. Leeches may be induced to bite more readily by bathing the surface to which

they are applied with milk. OXYGEN to the amount of five per cent, of the quantity inhaled disappears at every breath, absorbed by the blood. The partiality or antipathy to certain odors is unaccountable. The Italian ladies who dread the rose delight in rue. NINETY-TWO parts in a hundred of eream are whey, the remaining eight parts equal proportions butter and

Pencil marks can be rendered indelible by dipping the paper in skim-milk and froming on the wrong side after drving. WE CANNOT determine the sound of a string which makes less than thirty vi-

bratious per second, nor of one which more than 7,552. The icebergs of the Southern hemis-pheres are much larger than those of the Northern and frequently attain a

height of 1,000 feet. PAPER can be made transparent by spreading over it, with a feather, a very thin layer of resin dissolved in alcohol,

applied to both sides. SALT-or better still-saltpetre, finely powdered, placed about the wick of a candle, will prevent it from guttering and cause it to burn slowly. AN ESSENTIAL oil is obtained from cloves by repeated distillations. It is a

common trick to mix cloves thus deprived of their oil with others. WHEN a glass tube containing a crys. talliving liquid is scratched with a clasrod the crystals deposit themselves on

the scratches in preference, Ir is said that in the intestines of iftee and other insects are blood-vessels, the smallest branches whereof are 200,000 times less than a hair in size.

The annual cotton plant as cultivated in America, attains its growth during four months, though it continues to develope seed and fiber for a longer period. Case-Handening is a process by which a thin cost of steel is given to iron particular depth, leaving the iron soft. Sink articles of delicate shades should

not be folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in blesching the paper will probably impair the color of the silk. Dissorving five ounces of nitric and the same quantity sal-ammoniac, finely powdered, in nineteen owness of water, will reduce the heat of the liquid forty

# Is Germany an Empire!

In the first place, the German term Reich" does not designate an empire as a form of government distinguished republic. Strictly taken, it means "realm," or even "commonwealth, while the technical term for empire is "I won't tell you if you don't want to "Kaiserreich." Thus the Roman Em-pire might be called a Reich, as was the old German Empire, because, for one reason, the hereditary principle in both was weak, or did not exist; and in the present confederation, or Reich, the socalled Imperial dignity, though hereditary in the Royal House of Prussia, is not hereditary in the House of Hohen-zollern as such. If the Hoherzollerns should ever cease to be Kings of Prussia they would cease ipso facto to be Em-perors of Germany. But the Napoleonic Empire in France was always called in German the "Keiserreich," because the Imperial principle, whatever that may be, was visibly incorporated in the publie law of the State. The same observa-tion held true of the head of the State in Germany. The press and the public in other countries speak of him commonly as the Emperor of Germany, which is incorrect. There is no such personage. The Federal Constitution simply declares that the Presidency of the Confederation is vested in the King of Prussia, who shall bear the title of Gernan Emperor. Our usage of lan-guage and our habits of political thought do not, indeed, make any clear differ ence between the title German Emperor and the title Emperor of Germany; but to Tentonic—nay, to Continental—dia-lecticians the distinction is of vast importance. The King of Prussia is then merely President of the German realm, and there is nothing Imperial about him except his title. There is no Imperial erown; no Imperial privy purse; no Imperial civil list; no Imperial suite, or court or palace. He is simply the King of Prussia, intrusted with certain exec utive functions in the German federal system.-Prof. Herbert, in Harper's Magazine.

WHEN old Mrs. Bunsby had got through reading in the paper an account of the last great fire she raised her spec-tacles from her eyes to the top of her head and remarked: "If the fireman would wear the genuine home-knit stockings, such as we make and wear in the country, they wouldn't be a-bustin of their hose at every fire,"